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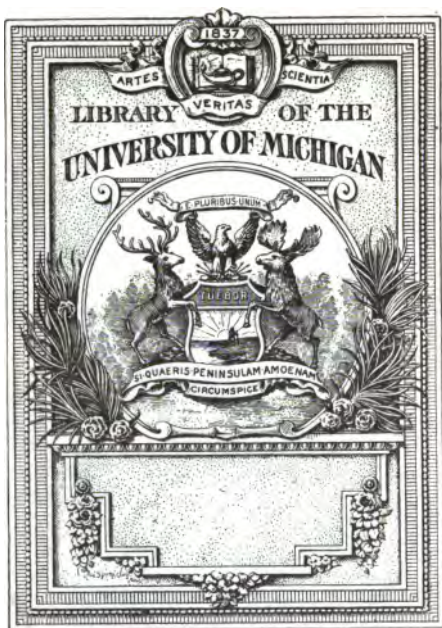
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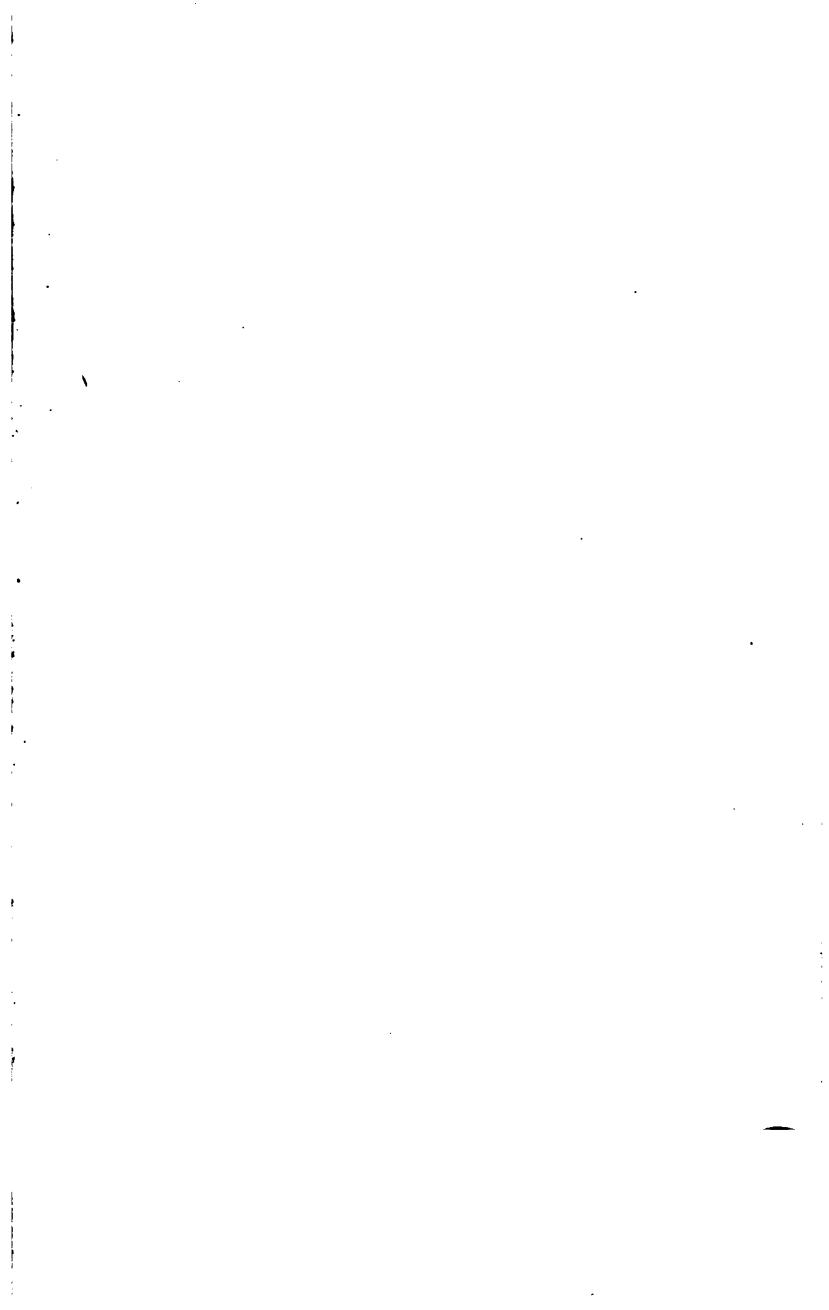


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## **Songs of Two Peoples.**









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# SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES

By JAMES RILEY

AUTHOR OF "POEMS,"  
ETC.



BOSTON  
ESTES & LAURIAT  
*MDCCCXCVIII*

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19 Jan. 12 - P.B.G.

TO MR. CHARLES E. HURD,  
WITH ALL THE DEEP REGARD WHICH  
FRIENDSHIP CLAIMS,  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



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**I. SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND.**



## Marlton Cattle Show.

**T**HE fields were white and frosty and the sun was  
on them bright,  
As down the meadow road we drove in autumn's  
morning light;  
Saw crops of corn and pumpkins, and orchards bend  
their load,  
And groaning, rare-ripe peach trees, making joyous  
all the road.

Barnyard fowl all loudly calling, broke cheerily the  
day,  
And weather-cocks, like drifting gold, seemed  
answering screech of jay.  
Forests, with their colors vivid, opened out to field  
and stream.  
And burning, distant, golden spires, completed all  
the dream.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All of this I saw in wonder on that morning long  
ago,  
When with my Uncle Ned I rode to Marlton Cattle  
Show.  
Rode, and crossed the Herring River, sparkling, with  
its mills to cheer;  
Miles on miles of streaming sunshine breaking on  
my vision clear.

Passed Tihonet cross-roads bravely leading up the  
hill for Stowe,  
To see beyond the world that day on wheels for  
cattle show.  
Trotting, racing, passing, wheels all dazzling in the  
sun;  
I knew not where joy ended, but was sure it had  
begun.

And when my Uncle said to me, "See all you can  
to-day!"  
And cracked the whip, and drew the rein, and pulled  
into the fray,  
I saw but one long white road all shining in the  
glow  
Of a sun that on was leading far to Marlton Cattle  
Show.



## MARLTON CATTLE SHOW.

My Uncle would have said much more, but a team  
then tried to pass,  
And down the hill, and cross the bridge we raced  
with Hiram Glass.  
Drove through the Eber Village, reaching farther in  
the day!  
With Hiram just behind us, while before they  
cleared the way.

Then leading up, past Saunders' store, we headed  
right through Stowe!  
With all the people shouting, "Hi, there, for cattle  
show!"  
So we rode and beat brave Hiram, till our wheels  
locked with Sam Coke's;  
Held our place ten feet beyond him, till we stopped  
to fix up spokes.

Then Uncle said (off-handed), "Such accidents, you  
know,  
Are happening right along, my lad, driving to cattle  
show!  
Can't always tell, in driving, just when you ought to  
stop!  
The wheel is dished, I notice; but we'll find a black-  
smith's shop."

**SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.**

At Warren's Mills we changed the wheel; the sign  
was "Alvin Stiles";  
And his son, young Alvin, showed us a way that  
saved five miles.  
And so we came on Hiram with his horse balked at  
the gate,  
And as we passed cried Uncle, "Hi, I think you will  
be late!"

The Arabian Nights and Crusoe were as nothing to  
the light  
That now in bright confusion broke on my aston-  
ished sight.  
There were acres upon acres of living white and  
black,  
A thousand people up in air, and horses on the  
track;

While a fellow loud was shouting to the jockeys  
down below,  
Till flying gigs and ribbons strained, swept down  
the course aglow.  
It was then I got excited, stood right on the wagon  
seat,  
And shouted for the white horse, the second in the  
heat!

## MARLTON CATTLE SHOW.

He reached it, too, that white horse! and as he  
passed the stand,  
I thought it was my shouting that made him look  
so grand!  
In the yards were hogs and horses, sheep and cattle,  
cooped-up flocks  
Of premium geese and turkeys, Shanghai fowl, and  
Plymouth Rocks.

Farther on were tents and streamers; one man writ-  
ing with his toes;  
And princes from the farthest East in dime and  
nickel shows.  
Swings and hawkers, singing women; one old man,  
in white cravat,  
Showed the world in panorama from Bull Run to  
Ararat.

I don't think Pandemonium had ever half such  
sounds  
As cracked my ear with jargon loud, that day at  
Marlton Grounds.  
There were peddlers, dudes, and fakirs, where we  
sat down to eat  
A dinner that I relished, till the drums began to  
beat:

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Then, looking up, the Governor, and all the guests  
so grand,  
Including Hiram Glass, passed by to music of the  
band.  
"Can we go, Uncle, too?" I asked. He answered,  
"That's too high;  
A dollar for a dinner is too much for me to buy."

A cloud came on the sun just then; it passed, but  
left its thrall—  
To me a lasting memory of that march up to the  
hall!  
And ever after, all that day, a secret, sorrowing  
thrill  
Came on me when I looked and saw the building on  
the hill.

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

The fixing of the Clock.

A TRUE STORY.

I NEVER shall forget the night we waited for the  
knock  
Of Uncle Reuben Allen White to come and fix our  
clock,—  
The clock that in the corner tall faced the great fire-  
logs snapping,  
Where glad the firelight glowed for all, e'en to the  
old cat napping.

The windows rattled loud and fast, wild struck the  
snow the pane,  
And up the chimney roared the blast behind the  
potted crane.  
The great old elms shrieked long and loud, rose  
bushes in the storm  
As ghosts of June in shriven shroud wild beat the  
windows warm.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

We had waited and expected,—mother in her high-backed chair,  
And father with his ear at poise,—I see him listening there.  
“Hark, a knock!” he says, and speaks: “Take the candle, John, and start!”  
The shed door swings, a loose board squeaks,—I’m in the entry part.

Dried apples, strung, hang in my way, a mouse-box on the catch,  
I set the candle where ’twill stay, and lift the iron latch.  
’Twas Uncle! coated, muffled thick! comforter, and hat down!  
I brushed him off with corn broom quick; he entered, and sat down!

Father stood up and tonged the coals, and I put three more sticks on!  
And mother said, “I know you’re cold; set back thar you, John Dickson.  
John Edward, get the little brush! Set back you, too, Nance Dyer;  
Now, Reuben, don’t you mind the slush; stomp your boots right front the fire.”

## THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

We jumped around and did as told!—snow lumped  
on Uncle's breeches,  
Tied at the bottom, warmth to hold,—mother, knitting,  
lost three stitches!  
She picked them up, and moved around, the circle  
one chair wider!  
At me for laughing slightly frowned, while Uncle  
sat beside her.

Then asked for Hulda, Sam, and Lute, and Susan's  
hacking cough;  
Said elm-bark, dock, and arrowroot, stewed up,  
would ease it off!  
So said my mother! she used herbs! had cures for  
every hurt!  
A set of indigestion curbs, from sage to thorough-  
wort!

Now Uncle, sitting back a pace, was getting things  
together;  
A brush, a hammer, and a case which held a turkey  
feather.  
I see him now as on that night, though decades in-  
tervene,  
The central figure of a bright, glad, rustic farm-  
house scene.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

A boy he may have been "Rube White," but wondrous grew to be;  
He made all wooden clocks go right, and "Thank you" was his fee.  
'Tis true, that time, I did not know my uncle in those parts  
Which give a nation healthful glow, in purity of hearts.

The young eye past the common thing with instinct sees the true,  
The hope that goes beyond the wing of bird upon the blue!  
Age talks to youth of its bright days and holds up Memory's glass,  
And well the lesson it conveys, if truths said do not pass.

And so it is I turn to-night with loving key the lock,  
And bring back Uncle Reuben White come down to fix our clock.  
Tall, sixty summers gave to him their blessedness of parts,  
An eye Time's shadow could not dim, a heart for other hearts.



## THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

A blacksmith of no mean renown, his cheery anvil  
rang!  
At night, the cares of day all flown, some ancient  
hymn he sang  
And yet, full forty acres broad, smiled from his  
hand that planted;  
For rain or shine he thanked the Lord, and hoed his  
row undaunted.

He held aloft one shining light to be his guide for-  
ever!  
To dare maintain his views of right, though dearest  
friend should sever!  
With healthful cheek, on Sunday trim, and hair of  
driven snow,  
All human kindness was in him, and words their  
overflow.

From these cold, passing, present days, when lux-  
uries invite,  
I turn me to the simple ways of good old Uncle  
White.  
The ways and days deserving praise—the farmer's  
unstarched collar,  
Is more to me than all that sways, where Trade pa-  
rades her dollar.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

And Uncle White, our clock for test, that night in  
simple round,  
Showed greatest act, for cause may rest within a  
nutshell's bound.  
I never saw such change take place! I, holding can-  
dle there!  
The poor clock's hands wrenched from its face, it  
answered with a stare!

And when he lifted from its trunk the blank, de-  
spairing head,  
My faith in Uncle Reuben shrunk; "You've gone  
too far," I said.  
Its wooden brains all knocked about, our clock that  
night he handled!  
The king that was, turned inside out, unfeelingly  
he mangled!

He laid it on the table dead! far from its high  
estate!  
"I'll touch it up with oil," he said, "and then 't will  
go first rate!"  
He took a walnut from his vest, solemn and ven-  
erable!  
Said, "Walnut oil, I think, is best," and laid it on  
the table.

THE FIXING OF THE CLOCK.

"Now, from that nut, I'll take"—he thought—"oil  
for a dozen clocks!"

And on the table's face he brought his fist, and  
loudly knocks!

Job and myself are thunderstruck! "Now then,"  
says Uncle, "hammer!"

The nut is cracked! he gives a look! then says,  
without a stammer,

"John, bring me here a tablespoon—an iron one  
preferred!"

And stewing out the oil was soon, while loud the  
old cat purred!

Now Uncle, feathering with care each secret, dried-  
up bearing,

Says, "Oil, my boy, is everywhere! there's no need  
of despairing!"

"Some folks don't know it's in a nut! Some know,  
but never crack it!

But those who do, know where is put what buys the  
boy the jacket!"

The storm had slackened on the pane, the fire was  
modest burning,

As Uncle, muffled up again, stood ready for return-  
ing.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Eleven," the old clock sounds its soul,—its well-oiled insides proving.

"I guess," said Uncle, "on the whole, it's time that I was moving."

And as I stood on threshold there,—trees silent in their shrouds,—

"Good night," said Uncle; "I declare, the moon has cracked the clouds!"

FRESH HAYIN'.

fresh hayin'.

ITS all well to jest write about the summer an' the  
hay,  
An' git yer mind a-thinkin' that the farmer's life is  
play;  
But you come right deown tew it, an' mow, an' rake,  
an' sweat  
Fer sixteen yaller August hours, you'd write of it, I  
bet!

You'd run along into the lines the bright days an'  
the black ones,  
The hummocked an' unhummocked fields, the truth-  
ful tongues an' slack ones.  
Swa! swa! the grass a-fallin', an' steppin' at the  
stroke,  
Them's made fer it, a-talkin', but me, I never spoke.

The day I worked fer Deacon Slade, in pay fer work  
he'd done  
Fer us a-plowin' in the spring, I tell ye warnt no fun.  
An' if a little incident put the whole thing right  
down deep  
Into my heart an' clinched it there, it's yourn from  
this to keep.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The deacon he was peaked, a potater small an'  
shaded,  
Who buttered both sides of his bread when hoss or  
cow he traded!  
An' when he come to us that night, fer me to go  
fresh hayin',  
He thought 'bout fifty cents a day, on 'count, would  
be good payin'.

Wall, so 'twas sot at fifty cents, though some folks  
kinder nigh,  
Thought that bill for greensoard ploughin' was a  
*leetle* mite too high.  
At break o' day we started, rakes, an' scythes, an'  
forks all in,  
To ride six miles to Hawkins Brook, this side o'  
Tispaquin.

Hung scythes an' struck in; youngest, the dew off, I  
went spreadin'.  
The deacon he still mowin' with Pat Quirk and  
Zenas Gledden.  
"Look out, thar!" cried the deacon; "see that  
grass that I left stannin'?"  
It's a nest o' yaller tails! Look out!" I heeded his  
commandin'.

## FRESH HAYIN'.

At dinner by the brook, 'twas thought we'd done  
about four acres;  
An' Pat Quirk said, between his bread, it was too  
much, "be jakers."  
Said, "When ye bite more'n ye can chew—" He  
reddened, couldn't swaller—  
Then lifted up the water jug, an' drank, an' loosed  
his collar.

The deacon grinned an' showed his teeth, an' broke  
a twig an' bit it;"  
Said, "Pat, I guess if we don't start you jest about  
have hit it."  
He stood up, slowly, whistled, old "Yankee Doodle"  
tunin',  
An' shouted, "Boys, come, let's set in; come, come,  
can't have much noonin'!"

Of all men in our neighborhood who found that  
farmin' paid,—  
The driver of all drivers,—was Deacon Luther  
Slade.  
Pat an' Zenas they went polin', I raked ahead the  
deacon.  
"Take a wider rakin', youngster!" an' that was all  
the speakin'.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

I put right in an' worked an' worked with all my  
might an' mind;  
Rake teeth striking two bare heels said the deacon  
was behind.  
An' although we worked like tigers, still the sun was  
workin' faster,  
Till at last it left the pine trees with the shadows  
growin' vaster.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried the deacon; "there's a  
whole half acre yet."  
I took a spurt an' shot ahead, an' had my little  
fret.  
An' if I thought about our land that warnt half  
plowed last spring.  
It warnt to think the old skinfint would now get  
pay in sting.

As I passed the grass a stannin' I careful laid the  
hay  
On that settled nest o' yaller wasps asleep at close o'  
day;  
A-sleepin' an' a-waitin' for that shinin' light o'  
men,  
The deacon of the Second Church, approachin' judg-  
ment then.



## FRESH HAYIN'.

For the wrong he'd done our greensoard, an' that bill  
that was too high;  
For tryin' to stretch daylight out till stars come in  
the sky;  
For our corn that then was pinlin, its roots not goin'  
down  
Where corn roots should in August go, to hold up  
Autumn's crown;

For the meanness of his bein' an' his greed, that all  
day long  
Would work a boy, an' Sunday pray fer them was  
doin' wrong,—  
Don't you think he ought to catch it, makin' two  
dews meet the day,  
With scythe, an' fork, an' coldest word, an' rake that  
slammed the hay?

A-thrashin' right into it; the winrow closin' in;  
Heart an' soul, if he'd um, reachin' in a sort o' frozen  
grin!  
Crush-ush-ush, z-zm zum-m-m-m!  
'Twas the rudest song o' natur, but it made the how-  
lin' come.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Ow! ow! ow!" cried the deacon, shriekin'. I  
looked behind to see  
A rake upraised, a singin' cloud, an' man that dashed  
at me.  
"Put the horse into the wagon!" he shouted, while  
he shook  
His hat agin the varmints, as he run an' jumped  
the brook.

'Twas jest two minutes later, with the deacon drivin'  
blind,  
I shrinkin' up beside him, Pat and Zenas high  
behind,  
In that leather-springed old wagon I heard Pat to  
Zenas say,  
"If it wasn't for the yelly wasps, we'd had a longer  
day."

THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.

Thanksgiving Day at Aunt Sally's.

WE started at the break of day,  
To cross the hills and valleys;  
And well we knew the country way,  
From Langley's Mills to Melvin Bay,  
While driving, on Thanksgiving Day,  
To dinner at Aunt Sally's!

We left three church spires on the right,  
Old Tandem Bridge passed over;  
To trot a mile with Deacon White,  
We left the turnpike for a "kite,"  
And for a mile we held him tight,  
From Henly Plain to Dover.

At Orrin's Mills we passed a troop  
Of gypsies round a wagon;  
Their horses loosed, the motley group

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Were roasting eggs upon a scoop,  
And drinking something—maybe soup—  
From out a pewter flagon.

At White Oak Swamp a hound bayed deep ;  
We knew a hare was started :  
Then nearer swept the chase—a leap,  
A gun's report, and there a heap  
Of something on the road ! Life's cheap,  
And huntsmen are hard-hearted.

Now to Aunt Sally's drawing near,  
Come voices. Jack's discerning  
I stand right up, hat off, to cheer ;  
Abe pulls me down, and says, " Look here,  
You little harebrain ! Don't you fear  
The wheels, when they're a-turnin' ? "

Sol swung the great gate open wide  
And cleared the way before us :  
Then, with my father at my side,  
Braced on the reins, we rode in pride  
Right to the front door, open wide,  
Hallowing in a chorus.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.

Aunt, sleeves rolled up and apron new,  
Came out from all her cooking,  
And said, "Melinda, how de do?  
Theophilus—and Abel, tew?  
And Benny,"—she kissed me,—“you grew!  
Well, well, you're all well lookin'!”

And now behold us, one and all,  
Seated at dear aunt's table;  
Father and mother, Uncle Paul,  
The hired man, Orlando Hall,  
My cousin Jack, and Nell, and Sol,  
And my big brother, Abel.

The blessing said, we all “sot to,”  
Knives, forks, and plates a-clatter!  
The turkey's rich aroma spread;  
The cranberries were ripe and red;  
And when Sol sighed and shook his head,  
Quite empty was the platter!

Tipped upside down, the pudding pot  
On a deep dish had waited.  
Aunt raised it;—steaming, juicy, hot,

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The pudding lay! All else forgot,  
Each by his plums esteemed his lot—  
How rich his plate came freighted!

And now the boys have nuts to crack,  
So rich and firm in kernel!  
Jack shows us next year's almanac,  
And Nell, Sol's whittled bric-a-brac,  
Bound picture papers, two years back,  
And leaves pressed in the "Journal."

Father and uncle talk of crops—  
What fields are best for sowing  
Potatoes, onions, corn, and hops;  
The value of French turnip-tops  
For late milch cows, when pasture stops;  
What grass pays best for mowing.

At last the sun below the oaks  
In crimson fire is sinking;  
"Good-bye!" we cry to all the folks,  
And, wrapped in buffaloes and cloaks,  
Spin down the road with whirring spokes,  
Just as the stars are blinking.

**THANKSGIVING DAY AT AUNT SALLY'S.**

Now Melvin Bay is far away,  
The late moon lights the valleys :  
But when, that night, we knelt to pray,  
It was that next Thanksgiving Day,  
With all the love that hearts can say,  
We'd spend at dear Aunt Sally's.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

**My Willow Whistle.**

**I** CALL to mind the many things my boyhood gave  
to me—  
But best the willow whistle, with its sweet and rural  
key.  
It came with Moon of June-time, when the birds  
were in the trees,  
And the scent of grass and clover made fragrant  
all the breeze.

Down where the cattle broke their way to brook  
with hummocked edge,  
And trout looked up and shot behind the further  
shade of sedge;  
And the small, black turtle, shining, on his rock  
beside the brink,  
Looked down to greet in gleaming wave the frog  
that rose to blink.



### MY WILLOW WHISTLE.

Nature's mantle all effulgent, woven in June's loom  
of gold,  
Buttercups and daisies glowing, reached to wood-  
land far and old;  
And the great, mild-eyed, horned creatures, looked  
lovingly to see  
A barefoot boy beside the brook prepare for melody.

I cut it and I notched it, that sapling willow green,  
Slipped bark, and deftly shaped inside space for my  
breath between;  
Then to my lips I lifted that rude whistle that I  
made,  
And piped a note that clear and long met all the up-  
land glade.

I blew a blast I'll not forget to winds that stopped  
to heed  
The music of my soul upon that make-shift willow  
reed.  
While my heart rang in that whistle, made by un-  
tutored hand,  
Singing Bob and Major Redwing golden linked with  
me the land.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Found they strange new music added to their olden  
golden note;  
Swallows wheeling struck the brooklet, then away  
'neath skies to float;  
All the low mead in contentment while the white  
cloud never stirred  
In the brink of blue beside me, just below the sing-  
ing bird.

So I whistled that June morning in the sunlit long  
ago,  
With my soul of souls unfettered and a heart un-  
trained to woe;  
All that wisdom for the scholar ever left in page of  
book,  
Left behind or passed unheeded when a boy I held  
the brook.

## A FOGGY MORNING.

### A foggy Morning.

THE mist hung heavy on the barn, it looked  
a-kinder lowrin',  
An' the fish above the ridgepole said the day would  
sure be show'rin'.  
We'd hay down in the upper field, corn needed  
second hoein',  
An' the new ground in potatoes into weeds an' grass  
was growin'.

Uncle on the doorstone raised his hand up silent,  
thinkin',  
Fog, fuzzy on his coat sleeve, as it darkened, heart  
a-sinkin'.  
"Wind's to the east'ard, Jake," he said to our man,  
Jacob Gough.  
Jake he turned an' twisted; said he thought it might  
burn off.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

But uncle he thought different, still he didn't feel  
quite sartin',  
He said, about that auction grass he'd bought of  
Ezra Martin.  
Barefooted, twelve years old, a boy, I earnestly was  
prayin'  
A day had come, a day to rest two tired legs in  
hayin'.

I listened to them talkin', all the time in silence  
wishin',  
An' at last I just suggested that 'twould be good day  
for fishin'.  
Two eyes above the doorstone, an' two above the  
path,  
Looked down on me in scorn, to see the subject of  
their wrath.

"Fishin'!" snarled out uncle, shakin' raindrops  
from his collar,  
"If ye live to be 's old 's Methuselah ye'll not be  
wuth a dollar!  
Work all behind, an' fishin'! Don't ye know there's  
hay a-spilin',  
An' that ye got to work, an' work, to keep the pot  
a-bilin'!"

### A FOGGY MORNING.

He turned from me to Jacob; as he did there came  
a sprinkle.

It pattered on my old straw hat an' gave my eyes a  
twinkle;

But they lost some of their brightness when uncle  
now said, "Well,

If 'taint a day for hayin', I suppose there's corn to  
shell."

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Brother Jonathan Lectures His Adopted.

WITH his plaid-patched curderi breeches, an' his  
red an' yaller coat,  
He has jest come up and registered, and casted his  
fust vote;  
Talkin', tellin' beout the Bible, an' our institooshuns  
grand,  
An' that the stars an' stripes must float from each  
schoolhouse in the land!

Tearin' up an' deown on platforms, lettin' steam off  
agin' priests,  
An' bishops, popes an' cardinals—that eat heretics  
at feasts.  
Sayin' neow's the time or never to defend the flag  
we've saved!—  
Our homes, our wives an' children, er by Rome  
we'll be enslaved!

BROTHER JONATHAN LECTURES HIS ADOPTED.

Wall, I stood it an' I listened till he got his rantin'  
through,  
An' last night I stood in meetin' an' I sez, "Why,  
who be yeou?  
Never heard on ye till yesterday!—since that time I  
riz the axe  
On my ole man at Concord an' ye run to Halifax!

"Ye were mighty still when Sumter's guns went  
shakin' up the land,  
An' I had my Irish rigiments march in an' take a  
hand!  
Great strappin' fellers, shot right deown; with a  
shamrock on their breasts,  
The Stars an' Stripes above um, an' a cross inside  
their vests!

"The last guard o' McClellan an' Burnside's furthest  
dead!—  
No, I guess not, stranger—jest yit, I ain't goin' to  
lose my head!  
Like 'nuff, in goin' to heaven, our roads may be  
apart,  
But in pintin' to the gineral end we're all the same  
at heart.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

"Some my folks were Catholics fur back's 76!  
An' thirty-six years later helped me out ev a nasty  
fix!  
An' as fer Irish—in Mexico—of all Zach's bloodiest  
fields,  
He found at Paler Alter his biggest hoss was  
Shields!

"But the way you've been talkin', St. Peter raves  
and swears  
When comes along an Irishman that kneels an' says  
his prayers.  
But now I come to think on't, an' look ye in the  
face,  
I'll be hanged if you ain't Irish—no credit to the  
race!

"But if you come to the United States to jest kick  
up a stew,  
'Tween Abner Jones an' his man Mike, an' neighbor  
Donahue,  
'Tell ye here, right square an' now, ye'd better shack  
fer home!  
I don't want imported patriots to help me keep out  
Rome!"



WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

When We Took the Papers.

OF all things in a country store to make its trade  
succeed,  
You must have the daily papers for the customers to  
read.  
And they must mean both parties, these sheets of  
which I speak,  
For if they don't, you'll in the end find trade is  
rather weak.

An' that is why we each subscribed, an' paid for year  
by year,  
Each his opposin' paper, the firm of Way & Speare.  
Joseph was Republican, but never come out flat,  
An' as for me, Suranus Speare, I was a Democrat;

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

But you'd a never known it, exceptin' for that paper,  
The *Jeffersonian Democrat*, a stern, strong, nation  
shaper.

Joseph took the *Tribune*; come down one day too  
late,

"But never mind for that," they said, "Pa Greeley  
he can wait."

Sometimes when I'd be busy, weighin' cheese, an'  
pork, an' tea,  
An' Tom Earl from his talkin' would reach an' look  
at me;

I'd tie the knot, an' look around, an' 'fore I'd snap  
the string,

I'd quote to Tom the *Democrat*, when whang! the  
counter 'd ring.

Joseph across, his paper down, lifting his gold-  
bowed glasses,  
Would say, "Sam, charge Zeke Shaw two quarts  
o' best molasses."

All busy, lamps a-lighted, a-puttin' up an' chargin',  
I jumpin' here, an' Samuel there, each step the firm  
enlargin'.

## WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

There's a good deal got by talkin', but as much in  
keepin' still,  
An' havin' tongues a-waggin', cheer the team that  
climbs the hill.  
An' the smoothest, slickest double that ever run in  
gear,  
An' put up smiles in packages, was the firm of Way  
& Speare.

You see we done no talkin'; our business was to  
cater;  
An' that is why we served three years each in the  
Legislatur,  
An' allus thought it prudent to have them papers  
seen,  
Though of course there was exceptions, as when  
Cap'n Bial Green

Would go off yellin', talkin' to old deaf Hiram War-  
ner,  
Their sleighs below a-stoppin' to argue at the  
corner;  
In this way takin' from us trade that went to Eugene  
Crockett,—  
Why, in such a case as that, of course, the papers  
sunk the pocket.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

But on the whole the papers paid! The nights we'd  
in that store!  
Mark Edmunds he a-bilin' out with Democratic lore;  
An' Jim Sharpe, tall, Republican, a-readin' an' a-  
tellin'  
In war times 'bout the treachery o' General George  
McClellan;

When "Hup!" would come up on a keg Mike  
Hines, an' all was still.  
His empty sleeve to give respect, he'd tell of Mal-  
vern Hill,  
Then bout the folks that stayed at home, an' when  
the draft come lied;  
Why, if I'd been Jim Sharpe them times, I'd curled  
right up an' died.

If you want earth's democracy, the equality of head,  
You must find your cracker barrel where the daily  
paper's read.  
There, with the soil right on the boot, an' face an'  
hands well tanned,  
You'll find great Nature's orator a-servin' all the  
land.

## WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

So 'twas with us, the years went 'long, the states-  
men sittin' high  
On barrels an' on boxes, givin' each the "'tis" an'  
"why";  
Old faces growin' fewer, men had traveled down the  
nation,  
Inside of them two papers, that had been their ed-  
ucation.

Trade gettin' dull an' duller, till at last we sold out-  
right;  
(Keepin' each, of course, his paper) to young Fred  
Parmenus White.  
Only once I went to see him, the young, bright,  
smart storekeeper.  
Ha! cold! trade light! but, compared to us, he was  
sellin' cheaper.

Last week it was we buried my old partner, Joseph  
Way;  
An' goin' by the sold-out store, silent this many a  
day,  
I thought of times when we'd our swing, an'  
brightly burned Life's taper,  
In that old store, where "we held trade," an' each  
one took his paper.

Song of the May.

**A**N opening song upon the glade  
That can no more delay;  
A blossomed tree by breezes swayed,  
And this, this is the May.

The heavens now pale their stars of light  
To morns of fairer brow;  
While wayward winds o'er waters bright  
Quicken each blade and bough.

Tangled at times, but reaching through  
To bluest arching skies,  
The brook, at last, in clearer view,  
Bends where the green branch sighs.

O May! fair May! of months the queen!  
Responsive to the soul  
Is now the far melodious green,  
Where Fancy sees her goal.

MARION HARBOR.

Marion Harbor.

**F**AR up from the shores of the gull and gale,  
The sun's best charms beguiling,  
With its forest deep and its pleasure sail,  
Lies Marion Harbor smiling.

It is circled round in as joyous bound  
As ever made steel-blue crescent;  
In the glow of the morning golden crowned  
It hails the Omnipresent.

Here Summer clasps her fair white hands,  
And lifts her eyes all glowing,  
Beside those sunny, golden sands  
Her tresses gently blowing.

From its cedared isle to its farthest reach,  
Where seaward view discloses  
Lighthouse and headland, sanded beach—  
Here calm content reposes.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With its ancient town and its regal crest,  
And its woodland slope far-reaching,  
This earlier wave of the Pilgrim's West  
All Nature's love is teaching.

Green are its shores and blue its skies,  
And far its forests resting,  
That fain would shield their ocean prize  
From every storm's contesting.

Seek not for the gems of an Afric sea  
When all this wave lies gleaming,  
And Morning in her majesty,  
With banners proudly streaming,

Rides all this tide! Her golden car  
May pass to pomp unending;  
But never paled her forehead star  
Before such glory blending.



## **II. IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE.**



## My Road at Tang.

I SAW not where it went to, and less I cared, I  
know,  
The roadway of my childhood, in the sunlit long  
ago,  
But that it passed our doorway, when birds in sum-  
mer sang,  
And went straight on to heaven, was enough, my  
road at Tang!  
Was enough when life was early, and the heavens'  
glory showed,  
To be born and live six summers by Tang's long,  
winding road.

It was so wide and even, and it went so far away,  
Up the farthest, highest, longest hill, right into  
Ireland's day,  
That I knew all heaven's sunlight on its glad way  
was impearled!  
And that there was no other roadway but Tang's in  
all the world!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With its ash tree, and its hawthorn, and its lark that  
    heavenly sang,  
Sure *no* roadway went to heaven but my Irish one  
    at Tang!

That it passed all round old Ireland on its way to  
    heaven, I knew,  
By the people back and forward who came within  
    my view!  
By the strange, good, friendly people; in their carts,  
    who passed our door!  
Their faces filled with innocence that I shall see no  
    more.  
There was not a cloud above it where Pain her glass  
    might hang!  
It was always open sunshine before our door at  
    Tang!

Whitewashed, straw-thatched, floor earthen, un-  
    conscious of all pride  
Was our fagot-raftered cot that stood beside the  
    roadway wide;  
That oped where great boys lingered,—how could  
    they be so tall?  
And yet so kind as notice me, the smallest boy of  
    all!

MY ROAD AT TANG.

Across the road the greenest field, church, yard,  
and bird that sang  
Music for my early footsteps down the country road  
at Tang.

Holy Wells they said had Ireland, and battlement  
of Dane;  
The Inny and the Shannon that flowed half way to  
Spain!  
Ruined ancient castles olden built by giants in far  
times,  
They who built and left a causeway where the ivy  
ever climbs!  
And who sailed all round old Ireland in great  
flagged, enchanted ships,  
The morning on their canvas when the sun from  
ocean drips!  
Ireland's great round sun! that never left her son's  
impassioned lips!

They were giants, men enchanted, who held Ireland  
in those days,  
Tossing mountains while they walked the shore,  
their great feet making bays!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Sure all these were not mere fancies, or loud bells  
that harshly clang!  
But the music of an early heart, whose first beat  
was in Tang.

With deep imagined fairy lore, tales that with life  
shall stay,  
Was the sunlight of life's morning then along my  
road's bright way.  
Passing up, the stately hedgerows, golden-blos-  
somed, furze on green.  
After that the little wicket, there, the hedge-side  
school was seen;  
That one schoolhouse! my one shadow! for at  
times the ruler rang,  
Very near me, on some urchin who went to school  
at Tang!

And although it always spared me, Education gave  
its scowl!  
Which was enough! and Wisdom flew,—the little  
fledgling owl!  
Thus it was a shade was harbored beneath that  
rough stone-bound,  
To vanish with the rowan tree, and green, wide  
playing-ground.

## MY ROAD AT TANG.

Still I think 'twould have been better, with its beat-  
ings and harangue,  
If that little hedge-side schoolhouse had been farther  
off from Tang.

Not that I disliked my letters less than birds that  
o'er me trolled,  
For the youngest eye is farthest in its reach for let-  
tered gold!  
And e'en now, I well remember, headed by its  
Roman A,  
The marching host to Z go down my primer's page  
that day;  
And the plain, dear sign gold-lettered that I read,—  
ah! does it hang  
As of old above our doorway, our cottage door at  
Tang?

Does the tinker in red waistcoat, the corduroyed  
beggar dumb,  
And the woman with her child at back, from Bally-  
mahon come?  
Are they still at work within the bogs? I just  
remember where,  
Men and girls and boys, bare-ankled, with cherry  
cheeks so rare.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Is the man of baize, the fiddler, who cheerily  
danced and sang  
Before our cottage doorway,—are they all still in old  
Tang?

Ah! I see the soldiers marching, passing onward to  
Athlone!  
A shining line of scarlet timed to some poor soul's  
"ochone;  
Ochone! Machree, ah me, ah me! these lines, when  
will they pass? —  
These marching lines of England's red with buckled  
helm and brass."  
So wailed that day a stricken soul, until the black-  
bird sang,  
Its heart to cheer all other hearts, when marched  
those lines from Tang.

Down the hill one day, slow, winding, came a train  
with wailing sound,  
And although it hurt the sunlight, still the good  
skies never frowned,  
Only wept, a sunlit raindrop falling gently to the  
ground.  
That was all! the slow procession coming told my  
heart the rest!



## MY ROAD AT TANG.

Told me of some great heart-sorrow, common to the  
human breast!  
All the people caoining, moaning, with a slow and  
solemn tread,  
Manly shoulders, highly bearing one of Ireland's  
sainted dead!  
As they passed before our cottage, bowed we, with  
uncovered head.  
They were going two miles farther, so my father  
softly said.

They were going on to Nohill, down the hill and  
far away,  
With a sorrow that passed with them, upon that  
far-off day!  
Yes, going on to Nohill! passing church where no  
bell rang!  
Only bright rain on the furze-bloom, and a linnet  
far that sang  
Hope and joy to glorious heaven, stooping with its  
skies so low,  
Saying, Faith to ancient Ireland sufficed for all its  
woe!  
That beyond its centuried shadow, its bitterest, bit-  
ing pang,  
A grave was good in Ireland! and skies were blue  
o'er Tang.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The House Beyant the Hill.

WUD its shmoke agin the sunlight,  
And its unlatched open dure,  
Patsy, John, an' Francis Michael,  
Shpinnin' tops upon the flure,  
Not a shingle an it painted,  
Shtrame an' orchard an' ould mill!—  
Shure no place in this new counthry  
Like the house beyant the hill!

Days were long upon the railroad,  
Slingin' sledge an' shtrikin' bar,  
Fitz, meself, an' John McCarthy  
Havin' rails from car to car!  
But atwixt the blows an' sweatdhrops  
Aft me sowl, widout me will,  
Wud go up the path and footbridge  
To the house beyant the hill!

THE HOUSE BEYANT THE HILL.

Dinner over, Tommy Martin,  
Tellin' lies to Christy Kane;  
All the min in roars o' laffin'  
At the greenhorn out from Slane.  
Tin pails empty, pipes a-fillin',  
An' the boss sayin', "Come an, Bill,"  
Shure I'd hear the wathers runnin'  
Past the house beyant the hill.

Shteppin' heavy night an' mornin',  
Back an' forth me reglar way,  
Spring an' summer, fall an' winther,  
Six to six a workin' day;  
Shure I never felt it,—never,—  
Pain or ache, or cowl'd, or chill,  
So me Bridget an' the childher  
Had a house beyant the hill.

"Ireland's far, but this land's nixt it,"  
Said I to meself them days;  
Walkin' twenty miles on Sunday,  
Hearin' Mass wud long John Hayes.  
On the way home, at Phil Haley's,  
Shtoppin' if the day was chill!—  
Ah, there's no time like the ould time,  
Wud its house beyant the hill!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All the neighbors now are scattered !  
Buried, most them, many a day !  
An' I know be Patsy's childher  
I'm an ould chap in the way !  
Only me an' poor John Daly !  
Last week, Thursday, buried Phil !  
At the wake we two were talkin'  
Av ould times beyant the hill !

Yestherday, wud Francis Michael,  
I went down to see his shtore,  
An' me heart bruk when I seen it—  
Where the ould house was before !  
An' I turned me eyes to Heaven,  
Reconciled to all His will ;  
That had left me, altho' lonely,  
Shtandin' cowl'd beyant the hill.

CON GRADY.

Con Grady.

I'D like to see, in these late days, the best man  
climbin' high,  
As when Con Grady on the stage sat up agin the  
sky;  
His calf boots blacked, his whiskers thrimmed, be-  
side the swingin' sign,  
Reins in one hand, his horn upraised, the town  
clock shtrikin' nine—

Toot-toot, toot-toot, ho-ho! ho-ho! the horses  
shtampin' hard.  
There's not to-day a Grady left, an' not a hotel yard.  
No waitin' long wud Grady, wud his shtrong hands  
at the reins,  
For he must meet the Rowley mail, the crossroad  
stage at Haynes.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Judge Dunstin, comin' down the shtreet, to go to  
county coort,  
Must wave his shtick, an' shout, an' run, jist like the  
common soort.  
But no one said of Grady that he didn't dhrive wud  
care,  
Was impolite to ladies, or dishonest in his fare.

An' 'twas no fault of Grady's, an' of that I will  
engage,  
When ould Miss Greene fell from the shteps, an  
sued the county shtage.  
Con's little uncle, ould Mike Day, acrost, the pipe  
in hand,  
Wud smile, an' think of Bridget's son, the highest  
in the land.

That no one ever lifted Con Grady to his place,  
Was credit to the county shtage, an' credit to Con's  
race.  
Toot-toot, toot-toot, aboard! aboard! Gelang!  
Away! Ah my!  
Thim was the days that had their heart, the sun up  
in the sky!

CON GRADY.

When wheelin' out into the road, an' turnin' to the  
right,  
Shtorekeepers shtandin' in their dures, an' custom-  
ers in sight,—  
The whole round worrld its eyes to see, then back to  
this or that,  
Contented, it had seen pass by the best man un-  
dher hat.

'Twas seven miles to Baylies town, an' sixteen more  
to Way,  
The sunshine av the distance in Grady's eyes that  
day.  
Dust flyin' in the summer sun, an' talk goin' an in-  
side,  
The horses slow up Bartly hill, an' on the top, the  
wide

Far-reachin' counthry in the sun, its houses, fields,  
an' town,  
An' over all, Con Grady on the wide worrld lookin'  
down.  
I do not know where Grady is; one day in '61  
He dhruv his last up Bartly hill, an' to the war was  
gone.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

It may be that he's shlapin' wud the South winds  
soft an' low,  
Above the grave, that houlds widin, him that I used  
to know.  
But whether there or livin', well I know his sperit  
sees  
The swingin' tavern sign fòrninst the spreadin'  
chestnut trees.

The stage itself has done its part, the horses an' the  
sign;  
But sometimes I hear in me heart the town clock  
shtrikin' nine—  
Toot-toot, toot-toot, ho-ho! ho-ho! I'm in the hotel  
yard,  
An' Grady's once more on his sate, the horses  
shtampin' hard.



MORNING AT KILLARNEY.

Morning at Killarney.

THE clouds from distant peaks unfold,  
The morning breaks in glory—  
And crag, and keep, and abbey old,  
Rich in their glowing story,  
Look up to greet the glories rolled  
On crumbling ruins hoary.

From Dunloe Gap, where Echo wakes  
And calls the elves to rally,  
To Dinish Isle, along the lakes  
There's peace on hill and valley,  
And only rippling water breaks  
To show where light winds dally.

Beneath his rock, with brow aglow,  
Blind John the hour is winging,

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

As swells his soul, while twangs the bow,  
Till all the Gap is ringing;—  
The hanging cliffs of old Dunloe,  
That listen to his singing.

The boatman to the eagle calls  
Where waters bright are meeting.  
Far o'er Ross Castle's broken walls,  
Above the white clouds fleeting,  
The lark pours music that enthralls  
In wild and wayward greeting.

At Brickeen Bridge the shadows stay  
To watch the waters flowing;  
Round Innisfallen's ruins gray  
The ivy old is growing,  
And guards where holy men did pray,  
And gleams while winds are blowing.

Old Muckross, with each storied grave,—  
Great chieftains in its keeping,—  
With cloisters dim, and mould'ring nave,  
And centuried yew-tree weeping,—  
Rests calmly by the gleaming wave,  
And wakes not from its sleeping.

MORNING AT KILLARNEY.

In far green fields the lonely fane  
Of Aghadoe is dreaming;  
But rising o'er the verdant plain,  
Its cross no more is gleaming,—  
Where sang of old the surpliced train,  
Only the sun is streaming.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

**My Shannon River.**

**F**ACES and places are soon forgot  
In the pride of life's endeavor,  
But the home of the child, be it palace or cot,  
Lives on in the mind forever.

This is why to me in the broad, far West  
I have seen the bright streams quiver,  
To see in dreams a stream more blest,—  
My broad, blue Shannon River.

As a boy on its banks I laughed and strayed,  
Till sorrow dared deliver  
My heart from the hearts of the friends I made  
On the banks of the Shannon River.

Ah! the winds blew west,—long, long ago!  
Caused a white-winged bark to shiver  
With the woe of hearts its deck below,  
Far, far from Shannon River.

**MY SHANNON RIVER.**

To-day I stand in a foreign land,—  
See not those waves that quiver,  
As when I grasped the friendly hand  
That was mine by the Shannon River.

When the sun first rose o'er earth's living green,  
And the bounteous, great All Giver  
Throned Ireland earth's queenliest queen,  
On her breast gleamed the Shannon River.

### The Traveler in the Sun.

**H**E came that day from far away,  
And at our cottage door  
Unfolded, as we bade him stay,  
From out his golden store,  
Tales of the world's great winding way  
We had not heard before.

It was so good for him to come  
So far to tell us three,—  
My father, mother, sitting dumb,  
I, on my mother's knee,—  
All that a traveler's words could sum,  
We listening eagerly.

The dust of roads was on his feet,  
And on his suit of brown :  
A stick to walk, and make complete  
The road from Dublin town ;  
And with it all a green bag, neat,  
And beard that hid no frown.

THE TRAVELER IN THE SUN.

Our hearts were won when he had done  
With London's famous towers;  
Its spires that rose to break the sun  
From cottage such as ours;  
That rose to break, but could not take,  
The sun from Ireland's flowers.

He held us where the sunlight spanned  
Beyond the hill's blue line;  
And as he talked of each far land  
I saw bright waters shine,—  
Rivers that crooned on ev'ry hand,  
Past fields more green than mine.

Round the great world I went that day  
Far, far as waters run;  
Past hills on hills, away, away,  
Down Dreamland's way unwon!  
A bright, unending road that lay  
For traveler in the sun.

The stones along the road so bright,  
As white as my soul then,  
I saw on roadway streaming light  
As rest for trav'ling men;  
And on beyond, a town, so white,  
It held enthralled my ken.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

I wonder if he still walks down  
That road my fancy knew,—  
My man of men, in suit of brown,  
His stout stick swinging true;  
If so, I'll make for him a crown  
With Fame's elysian few.

The sun had sunk down in the west;  
Its light had left our door!  
But as it did, our traveler, blest,  
Had gone with all his store  
Of memories to final rest—  
In my dreams evermore.

Which way he went I never knew,—  
That man without a name,  
Who came when all the skies were blue,  
Unchilled by passing fame!  
But ah, that I could tell to you  
Which road it was he came!



ERIN AWAKENED.

Erin Awakened.

O INNISFAIL ! thy sorrowing wail  
Comes sounding up the years ;  
But thou art brave, beside thy wave,  
Though bathed in bitter tears.

Red England's rose in noontide blows,  
The thistle has its song ;  
But far and wide as keel may ride  
The shamrock knows but wrong.

Sahara's waste has winds that haste  
To linger at Ceylon ;  
And dark the hour that opes no flower  
To bid the heart hope on.

On car of gold thy sister rolled  
On to her goal of fame ;  
But gave to thee a sobbing sea,  
And centuries of shame.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Ill-omened hour, when darkened power  
Smeared blood upon thy grass!  
And evermore, on hill and shore,  
A ghost is seen to pass.

The night was long, the winds were strong,  
And wild the rifted moon  
Threw down her light, where, cold and white,  
The Fates watched o'er thy swoon.

"She is not dead," the weird ones said,  
"Who gave the lands their glow."  
Oh, woe to thee, beside thy sea,  
To wake in rain and snow!

To wake at night, the moon's broad light  
On England's channel strand;  
Thou on thy heath, the sea beneath,  
With chafed and gyvèd hand.

Stricken and sore, all round thy shore  
Guns, hating, turned on thee;  
Law reared to wrong the helpless throng,  
And perjure thine and thee.

# **ERIN AWAKENED.**

Weep, weep ! but keep what in thy sleep  
Thou heldest to thy heart,—  
The book of gold ! that, lettered, told  
Thine ancient, higher part !

Lands that have light caused by the might  
Of thy strong right arm brave,  
Touched by thy tears, give word that cheers,  
To Erin of the wave !

The sea-gull sweeps, his vigil keeps ;  
The wave breaks on the reef ;  
But far as sky the clouds that fly  
Tell to all lands thy grief.

A sorrowing wail upon the gale,  
The burden of past years,  
Since Innisfail thy voice didst hail  
The flag thy heart revere.

Though rounded earth has highest worth  
In thy brain, brawn, and hand,  
Still dost thou wait beyond the gate  
Of Freedom's promised land.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

**The Waters of the Lee.**

**O**'ER my soul the mystic dreaming  
Of that day returns to me,  
And I see the bright sun gleaming  
In the waters of the Lee.

Cross, and spire, and turret glowing,  
Distant castle, fell, and tree,  
Idle sails their gleams bestowing  
In the waters of the Lee.

Warm and bright the sun, low setting,  
Left its good-bye all to me ;  
Purpling clouds alone regretting  
In the waters of the Lee.

### III. MISCELLANEOUS.



## The Nativity.

**D**AVID'S city, overflowing, now is filled with  
traffic's din;  
Merchants, all their rich goods showing, hold  
reception at the inn.  
Not a voice in Bethlehem, calling, answers other  
word than "trade!"  
"Profit," God's own self forestalling, holds the idol  
it has made.

Jostling on their way each other, Israel and Egypt  
one,  
E'en the Roman is a brother to the Jew he looks  
upon!  
Cæsar stamped on paltry metal this night is the  
god of all  
The vast motley throngs that settle every thought  
on Mammon's thrall!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

What to sheik, or Roman soldier, Syrian trader  
camel-borne,  
Is, mayhap, some strange beholder, meekly walking  
since the morn !  
Tell not him the world's grown colder, by the rich  
stuffs it has worn ;  
Or that Life means more than getting that which  
death's cold hand shall scorn.

Bethlehem keeps wide-open hostel, and when that  
is full, what more  
For the late one, than to wander homeless past its  
crowded door?  
Living into Self and Present, Judah sees not past  
its night !  
Thinks not, in its passing moment, of the writ of  
Israelite—

Which has said, in Jacob's city, ancient called  
"The House of Bread,"  
Shall be born, without its pity, Mary's child in  
lowly bed !  
Far away, Augustus ruling, calls the world to be  
enrolled,  
So the future Virgin Mother comes as Holy Writ  
foretold ;



## THE NATIVITY.

Comes with Joseph to his own town; on this  
night he seeks his own.

Over wintry mountains dreary she and Joseph  
come alone!

They, two travelers, worn and weary, slowly make  
the great inn's gate,

See within the firelight cheery, as they at the  
postern wait.

Flicker in the night the torches, conquering and  
conquered there;

Narrow street and crowded porches, life exultant  
everywhere.

Every house has its own treasure, every heart its  
golden vane,

Farthest line of Bethlehem's measure, sunlight on  
to-morrow's plain.

This while sorrow of all sorrows holds the wander-  
ers that now wait:

They who see no glad to-morrows, waiting at the  
outer gate;

Waiting there for guard returning, Judah's skies are  
very low,

And the farthest star is burning-light, for Mary's  
brow aglow.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Now the answer—it is spoken! and they turn them,  
needless wait!

Pity's heart is not awakened; Mary hears it, "You  
are late!"

Aye, are late! though clouds are flying low along  
the winter's sky,

And o'er Gibeon's mount far-lying, angels weep,  
the Presence nigh,—

Weep for mankind, troubled only with the wind  
that passeth by.

Shepherds far their night-watch holding over sleep-  
ing sheep and kine,

Now behold, afar unfolding, light on plains of  
Palestine!

Tabor's mountain, Shiloh's water, Holy Gate and  
Rachel's Tomb,

Hillside far as Mount of Olives, transient lift them  
from the gloom.

"Israel is no more benighted!" calls a voice, and,  
robed in grace,

All the glorious heavens parting, giving glory to  
his face,

Stands an angel, high above them, star on forehead  
and he cries,

"Ring the words on earth forever! Christ for man  
is born! Arise!"

### THE NATIVITY.

Farther parted all the heavens, and the angel host  
praised then,  
"Glory unto God the highest!" and all closed from  
human ken.  
But the star was left to guide them, and they took  
their mountain way,  
Wise Men of the East beside them, at that natal  
couch to pray.

Star of Bethlehem still is shining, and afar the  
angel cries,  
Calling unto all low weeping, as of old, "Arise!  
arise!  
Arise!" the words are thundered earthward!  
"Worship now the Living God!  
Follow where His footsteps wandered, and of old  
His prophets trod!"

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Palos—Hispaniola.

1492.

NIGHT broods on the unfathomed deep,  
And knows no moon, nor star!  
And all her legioned armies sweep  
With pennons streaming far.

Only a waste of waters green,  
That since creation's day  
No human eye has ever seen—  
Old Ocean holds its sway.

The world that erst began to dream  
On Asia's morning land,  
Holds still the summit of its theme  
On that far eastern strand.

And men go down their little way,  
Weighted with passing care!  
And if a monk and sailor pray,  
God only hears their prayer.

PALOS—HISPANIOLA.

A regal, changing East is all  
The centuries can show,  
With Britain at the outer wall  
The limit of its glow.

Rome moves along her warring west  
With crozier, staff, and brand,  
And ocean with its stormy crest  
Awaits the Risen Hand.

The sword that closed on Paynim steep  
With Moslem scimitar,  
Now over the mysterious deep  
Points to a world afar.

To beat her drums on India's strand,  
And hold the hills of gold,  
And plant the cross with rev'rent hand,  
As was by Him foretold,

Spain sails, with all the future fraught,  
Upon the crested wave;  
Nor peril recks when what is sought  
Is empire or a grave.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Now tighten all your rudder bands,  
And let your pennants fly!  
Before your prows are unknown lands,  
Behind is common sky.

Sail on, sail on, ye gallant crafts,  
Though clouds break on your lee;  
It is a fairer wind that wafts  
Your keels across the sea.

The startled sea bird hears and cleaves  
The sunset in his track,  
But brighter than the wave he leaves  
The hope that fears no wrack.

The night hangs low, the storm is on,  
Wild flaps the tattered sail,  
The plunging ship drives madly on  
Before the rising gale.

And stern-browed men their chief around  
On the Maria's deck  
Hoarse shout, "Turn back, turn back! the bound  
Of hope may save from wreck."

PALOS—HISPANIOLA.

But even as they speak, and waves  
Go thundering alee,  
Rings, "Onward! onward! him who braves  
Life for futurity?"

The rifted clouds are breaking fast,  
And heaven hangs her star  
Over each bared and straining mast,  
While rolls the thunder far.

Faith writes along the brow of night,  
While stars their music ring.  
"O sail," she says; "the morning light  
The promised land will bring.

"O sail on wave all undefined  
That would your course delay,  
Until upon the sea the wind  
Brings fair isles of Cathay!"

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The Teachers.

GOD made the hills for thought sublime,  
The vales for love and laughter;  
Twin teachers they, of flowing rhyme,  
To man for ever after.

And though one leads where glories ring,  
And one be love's defender,  
It is to teach the eagle's wing  
Is near to longings tender.

Divinely linking dreams of soul,  
They act on man's endeavor;  
Inspiring answering songs that roll  
For ever and for ever!

As far as sunshine of the heart,  
In language deep, all glowing,  
They teach the old and higher part—  
Perspective's dream bestowing.



### THE TEACHERS.

They lead to Genius' silent sway,  
That artist soul may capture  
The golden measure of the day,  
For unborn age's rapture.

Inspiring nations to be brave,  
They uphold all flags flying;  
And strike the shackles from the slave  
In words that are undying.

The highest goal is for the soul  
Of him who scales the mountains;  
Who follows down the streams that roll  
From far perennial fountains.

All Beauty's dream is but a gleam  
Of hills and valleys drinking  
The sunlight of each wayward stream  
That wells from founts unthinking.

He drinks Life's waters and is cheered  
Who knows the vales will bless him;  
The rime of time upon his beard,  
Suns linger to caress him.

**SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.**

**Then hail the Light that lifts the night !  
The hills and vales adorning ;  
Showing afar the Maker's might,  
As on that first bright morning.**

## A Dream of the Beautiful.

I DREAMED of all things beautiful, of olden  
lands and new;  
Of spire and mosque and tall kiosk, and wonders of  
Peru;  
Of ships that sailed when morning hailed the  
water's kindling blue.

I dreamed of all things beautiful, and kindly were  
the flowers  
That oped and bled and perfume shed on rosy-ker-  
chiefed hours,  
That heard the old glad songs of gold, while pass-  
ing Love's fair bowers.

I dreamed of all things beautiful! Day's gates flew  
open wide,  
And streaming strands of olden lands, I saw them  
in their pride!  
I marked a caliph in the sun by Cashmere's golden  
tide,  
And heard the tinkling of the lutes when day to  
evening died.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

As far as waters gleam I ran, far down the ancient  
past!  
The glittering towers of Ispahan on me no shadow  
cast;  
I passed Hope's airiest caravan with music on the  
blast!

On glowing car, as far as star, or roadway of the  
sun,  
I left behind to wave and wind earth's shadows  
passing dun;  
Until at last a glorious, vast perspective height I  
won!

I dreamed of all things beautiful that live for me  
and you!  
Of tower and mosque and tall kiosk, and temples  
of Peru!  
Of ships that sailed when morning hailed brave  
flags that glorious flew.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The American flag.

THAT ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it  
fly!

It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight, and lit  
McHenry's sky;

It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest  
wave

The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er  
inspire the brave.

Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath  
its radiant glow,

But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!

Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages  
yet to be,

To guard those stars that never paled in fight on  
land or sea.

Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of  
all lands;

Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm  
their upraised hands;

Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's  
circle shore;

Its stars, the print of angels' feet that shine for-  
evermore!

### The Thief.

"THESE fields, these hills, these trees are mine,  
These acres, to the tide;  
As far as yon tall, yielding pine  
That tops its own with pride,"  
The rich man said,  
While round him spread  
Autumnal glories wide.

But, as he spoke,  
Down by an oak  
He saw an artist stride;  
One who in colors serves the whole  
Of all that is, when rounds the soul;  
And with his canvas on his back  
Stood watching where he would unpack.

It seemed the very colors all  
Of nature, with its vine-clad wall,  
The burning ivy's richest gold,  
The crimson of the maple's fold,  
Were in that pack that he set down,—  
This dreamer from the crowded town.

## THE THIEF.

Two souls that moment, different planned,  
Looked out upon the glorious land;  
With one, it was self's lower span,  
The other saw all God gave man.  
One traced the beautiful in gold  
Of sky and cloud; the other, cold,  
Shriveled to facts and legal sense,  
The clutched rood of inheritance.

"Paints!" said the rich man, "of the trade  
That joins things of which dreams are made,  
A dabbler in the light and shade  
Of seasons! Let him stay;  
He cannot steal my fields away."  
And so the lord of many acres,  
Without much love for picture-makers,  
Allowed the artist by the brook  
To sketch from Nature's open book.

That night the wind blew cold and chill,  
And morning found a wind-swept hill.  
Trees rose dismantled o'er the stream  
That heartless broke in distant gleam;  
Cawed on their branch the raven brood,  
Disturbers of the solitude.  
Dark Desolation's first cold stride  
Was printed down the landscape wide.

## SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Watched long the owner of the hall,  
Disorder's realm in field and wall;  
Leaving to him in title deed  
Only a cold and broken mead.  
"Life's but a dream," he said, and sighed;  
"These upturned trees, late in their pride,  
Now show on lacerated plain  
The emptiness of all man's gain."

On that same hour the city's heart  
Woke to a new and better part.  
A picture had been wrought, the tide  
Of Autumn flung in all its pride  
Upon the canvas—Time defied  
A sovran of Expression's clan  
Had halted all the liveried van  
Of Sorrow—far and wide—  
Plumed for the final ride.  
And disenthralled, the soul of man  
Had told Wealth it had lied.



## The Waters of the Soul.

**R**OUND about ourselves we draw  
Mantle of the higher law,  
When at love's behest we pen  
Lines that live in souls of men ;  
Lighting up, that all may see  
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Memory's haunted halls of youth,  
Radiant with the living truth,  
Towers all gleaming in the sun,  
Glittering there since time begun ;  
We may make more glorious still  
If on far Pierian Hill  
We make men who come and go,  
See effulgent waters flow.  
All for them the round of praise  
In these ultra-common days.  
All for them we hold the glass  
Up to nature while they pass.  
All for them relentless Art  
Doth demand the bleeding heart,—  
That the canons of her grace  
May not change by time or place.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Rapturous dreams of wondrous night  
Holding heavenly stars of light;  
Clambering heights to morns unrolled—  
Sovereigns of the crowns of gold—  
Valleys far as Toil's own girth,  
Gladdening all the generous earth,—  
These are ours, to give all men,  
When His voice directs the pen,  
When His voice through us shall swell  
Waters deep that inward dwell;  
And melodious, glad streams play  
Onward down the fields of day!

Word and deed and skies all glow  
When in golden numbers flow  
Thoughts that living in a dream  
Are beyond the things that seem,  
Telling of the world's advance  
To its own inheritance!  
Only that the child may read  
Lesson deep with noble deed!  
Only that our age become  
Something more than Man-child dumb!  
Only that one of the throng  
Read, to make the rest more strong!  
Only this, and nothing more,  
Should keep sail on favored shore!

## THE WATERS OF THE SOUL.

Cares the child when we shall sleep  
Under grasses broad and deep,  
Whether we be rich or poor,  
So the songs we sing endure?  
So the voices that give cheer  
Shall live on from year to year!  
And his schoolboy's satchel hold  
Deed of hero brave and bold!  
Every thumb-marked page with king,  
Rich in poem born to cling!  
Cities gleaming in the sun,  
Showing work by genius done.

Better that the lamp we light,  
Than bewail the shades of night!  
Better that to earth we leave  
Changing skies that smile and grieve!  
Better far the great deep song  
Down the changing lines of wrong,  
Giving to all burdened men  
Widening thought from strengthening pen,  
Something of ourselves a part!—  
Language born of our own heart!  
Better delve, and toil, and hold  
To all heaven the mined gold,  
Be it but one glittering grain,  
Than transcendent live in vain!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The Harvest Day.

SUNLIT and peaceful; fields all sere;  
Fruition's dream most blest!  
The rapturous harvest day is here,  
And, tired, the world finds rest.

An all-pervading music low  
Possesses hill and stream;  
It reaches where the maples glow  
Upturned in waves that gleam.

Bright banners reddened in the fight  
With Winter's first white train,  
The wooded hills, that in their light  
Show victory over pain;

The glories of the firmament,  
The splendor of the field,  
The hand of the Omnipotent  
Before us has revealed.

## THE HARVEST DAY.

A dreamy brilliancy of scene  
Is all we see below  
The skies, that, closing, intervene  
On ripened fields aglow.

Calm is the sluggish, shallow stream  
That bears upon its breast  
The variegated leaf—the dream  
Of Summer gone to rest.

Fair Promise swung her higher sun  
Till Junetide's hot noon hour  
Proclaimed, as far as waters run,  
That Nature was in flower.

Then turning to a lower day,  
Her circling orb went round,  
Till mellow Autumn came to say  
Joy's increase had been found.

The rustle of the garnered sheaf  
Is now Contentment's own  
Last crowning robe, as she, in brief,  
Mounts upward to her throne.

**SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.**

**Faith planted long with prayer the seed  
Deep in the upturned sod :  
And now from storm and shadow freed,  
The field looks up to God.**

An October Day.

**N**OW comes a calmness on the fields,  
A music in the air,  
And Nature's rich profusion yields  
Her gladness everywhere.

Far on the hills the mellow haze,  
High up, the vaulted blue;  
A world enchanted meets our gaze—  
Old, yet for ever new.

The lazy, tumbling bee hath found  
The thistle's downy breast;  
Where maples bend, in silver sound  
The river sings of rest.

The wheeling swallows now prepare  
O'er hills and fells and streams  
To bid good-bye to scenes as fair  
As Beauty's golden dreams.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The summer came and went with song,  
To bring a brighter day  
Than ever down its hours long  
Held triumph over May.

The fervid August brought its sheaf,  
September held its dream,  
But now has come the crimson leaf  
To tell October's theme.

A calm contentment fills the soul  
That dreams where brooklets run,  
That sees the long year silent roll  
Its glad days into one.

The splendor of the summer time,  
The rosy flush of June,  
Love's laughter and its sylvan rhyme  
Comes now in brooks attune.

And clouds along the mountain's brow,  
Bright, pearly isles afar,  
Show Fancy, with her silver prow,  
Who leads from star to star.



**AN OCTOBER DAY.**

One perfect earth 'neath faultless skies,  
One brief, bright, glad hour given,  
October's day, to human eyes,  
Is but a glimpse of heaven.

√

**The Broad Lakes of Bradore.\***

**A**TLANTIC roars and thunders its frown on either  
shore,  
But inland far, Cape Breton holds the broad lakes of  
Bradore.  
Her green arms fond embracing this wave she would  
defend,  
Since Morning blotted her first star, no wave knows  
fairer trend.

Here Nature draws her jeweled hilt and wears her  
regal crown,  
From headland waters of the North to Old St.  
Peter's town,  
The far-off hillside sloping, the fisher on the lee,  
One round of light, with cottage white, a golden in-  
land sea.

Planned for an island's splendor, for a glory all its  
own,  
Here Love and Heaven left to light a day elsewhere  
unknown.

\* Bras d'Or.

THE BROAD LAKES OF BRADORE.

The "Arm of Gold," they called it, those French-  
men long ago,  
This grand connected wave of tides that ceaseless  
ebb and flow.

The story of a Louisburg, its glory and its shame,  
Down all these waves to Port Toulouse lives in a  
line of flame;  
Down to the fort a Dennys built, Toulouse upon the  
height!  
Where now the isthmus cloven, sea and lake are  
chained in light.

But gladness of the lilies of old France is living still,  
It speaks where climbs the village of the fisher on  
the hill;  
It points unto the Micmac in his light canoe at morn,  
Who from this glad wave looks to see the cross that  
gleams to warn.

Here too, old Scotia's sons behold a wave as bright  
as when  
Their fathers left the Hebrides, brave clans of High-  
land men.

**SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.**

O waters of Cape Breton! land-locked and heaven-  
spanned!  
The majesty of all that is, or seems, in you com-  
mand!

A thousand feet below your tide, the very sands  
must know  
That o'er them shines a brighter sun than gives the  
Ganges glow.  
The silence of the heavens and the rapture of the  
shore,  
All, all that breathes soul music, claim the broad  
lakes of Bradore!

## THE FALLS OF DHOON.

### The falls of Dhoon.

[The River Dhoon is one of those beautiful little streams upon the Isle of Man which the Manx, for the want of comparison, call rivers. Passing over the bold headlands, it descends 500 feet, in three precipitous leaps, to the sea below. So tangled is its way, that only two of the cascades can be seen at a given point.]

SINGING all the livelong day  
One glad, golden tune,  
Ever down the woodland way  
Leap the Falls of Dhoon.

Laughing in their light array  
To the hills that climb:  
Breathing music all the day  
To their olden rhyme.

Pausing where the green arched way  
Listens to their croon;  
There to hide from light of day  
The secrets of the Dhoon.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

All the birds up in the trees  
Flit three branches nearer  
Down to Tidy, just to please,  
Feet now coming nearer.

Well Enough and Tidy New  
In the summer weather  
Walking, 'neath the skies so blue,  
To their aunt's together.

Both will come back ere the night  
Along the road all shady,  
One, I know, a perfect fright,  
And one a perfect lady.

EYES, TURN FROM WHAT YOU SEE.

Eyes, Turn from What You See. ✓

EYES, turn from what you see,  
The brighter world to scan;  
The world that here might be,  
If man were true to man.

Prayers for a brother's wrong;  
Tears for a brother's hate;  
So shall the weak grow strong,  
The strong be truly great.

Deeds are as stars that glow,  
Or cinders of the earth,  
Showing the high and low  
Degree of human worth.

Dark clouds are overhead,  
They hide the bright sun's crest,  
But they will change to red  
Ere low he sinks to rest.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Each has his goal to gain,  
His living part to do;  
False to the trust, the pain  
Is not for me or you.

The wealth or dearth of soul  
Is not of human will.  
God sees the rounded whole;  
He marks the good or ill.

Turn, then, from what you see,  
O eyes that too close scan,  
And pray the time may be  
That man be true to man.



My Mother.

I STOOD to-day in the valley of the years that  
long had fled,  
Where Memory's golden jewels are linked in a silver  
thread,

And I asked my heart's deep beating if the blight of  
the Present's wrong  
Should crush out all the gladness it knew with the  
years of song;

When it followed the winding river that led past  
the sloping hill,  
And the sun on the far horizon gave gold to the  
mountain's rill;

When the trees in their bourgeoned beauty to the  
heavens seemed to pray,  
And all around the soul of song held sweet, trium-  
phant sway?

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Should the morn it knew be blasted by the noon-  
day's burning rays?  
By a world that only listens to its own false meed of  
praise?

Then my heart, in its treasured fulness, to my spirit  
thus did say :  
"Soul of my soul, thou'st garnered one joy that  
shall ever stay.

"Deep down as the world's foundation, as pure  
as dream of the blest,  
Is the love the mother bestows upon the child she  
holds to her breast.

"She, who guided thy feet unsteady, taught thy little  
hands to pray ;  
She, who pillowed the long, brown ringlets, at close  
of the golden day,

"And who gave thee thy first sweet blessing to light  
up this valley of tears ;  
She, thy mother ! who, now in heaven, first guarded  
thy infant years,

**MY MOTHER.**

**" Her love is as the angel's whose wings are above  
thee spread,  
Thy guide and guard eternal, wherever thy feet may  
tread."**

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

The Peddler from Peru.

**H**IS pack was wide, his step was slow,  
His thin locks as the winter's snow;  
And when he asked for stranger's fare,  
And at our hearth a place to share,  
The frugal board was further spread,  
And answer to the old man said  
That he was welcome to the few  
Coarse comforts that our cottage knew.

Long sat we at the table when  
We found our guest knew much of men.  
For he had been as far as Spain!  
And even sailed the Indian main!  
Had seen the wondrous Southern Cross,  
And told us of the albatross.  
But most of all, the wonder grew,  
Our friend was born in far Peru!

THE PEDDLER FROM PERU.

Astonishment sat at the board,  
Such guest was worthy of a lord!  
He told us of its mines of gold,  
A templed city far and old,  
Great rivers lost in desert sand,  
And mountains far o'er table land!  
But most of all, could it be true?  
There was no rainfall in Peru!

Dissent sat at the table's head  
And to the stranger sternly said,  
"No rain, my friend? if that be so,  
How can their crops be made to grow?"  
He cut his meat and held his tale,  
Said, "Of good crops there is no fail;  
Instead of rain there is much dew,  
Which does for rainfall in Peru."

That night he held us at the hearth,—  
The rain at times came from the north,—  
Then, merchant of the random trade,  
His pack unstrapped and goods displayed,  
And asked would we an old man's load  
Ease on to-morrow's weary road.  
We bought in pity, to find true  
That honest worth came from Peru!

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With trade all done, a kind meant word,  
Asked for his home—his being stirred!  
And slowly down his aged cheek  
A tear, said what words could not speak.  
The firelight's blaze grew passing dim;  
A look went up, all meek, to Him!  
The tear he brushed. 'Twas then we knew  
There was the heart rain in Peru!

The morning broke all bright and clear;  
He packed his pack and blessed our cheer;  
And down the road with limp and cough  
Was lost beyond the hill far off.  
So went our guest, who last night told  
Of foreign lands, and men, and gold;  
But most of all, that skies were blue,  
And no rain fell in all Peru.

THE RIVER.

The River.

A WAY from the wasted places,  
Where love can never grow,—  
From the town, with its careworn faces,  
Where only bleak winds blow,—  
I sit by the river, winding  
Past fields I used to know.

I see the horizon bounding  
The heavens that are near;  
And with birds in the treetops sounding  
Their music sweet and clear,  
Comes the song of the river winding  
Upon my listening ear.

I dream! and my dreams are blended  
With a murmur low and sweet,  
The brook, with its journey ended,  
And the river incomplete—  
Each with its wayward winding  
To tempt impatient feet.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

Far o'er me skies are gleaming,  
And stately bends each tree,  
And I, through the long day dreaming  
Of days that yet shall be,  
See the river onward winding  
With its music all for me.

From the ideal in its fervor  
Reflected in the blue  
Bright waters that flowed near me  
On that distant day so true,  
I have passed that river winding,  
To the world's cold, broader view.

Passed on to dark streams flowing  
That are made of numan tears,  
Where the trended vale is showing  
Only sky that never cheers;  
Down many a painful winding  
To the troubled future years.

Aye, I've lived! And the years increasing  
Have brought at times despair!  
Sun after sun decreasing,  
And winter everywhere;  
Since those days when by the river  
I dreamed of all things fair.



### THE RIVER.

But now, with the late sun glowing,  
O'er yon horizon's line,  
Nearer, nearer, ever flowing,  
Comes that river fair of mine;  
That river with its music  
Winding on with song divine.

### Aspiration.

I SAID if I were a painter, this night as the sun  
went down,  
Over the distant snow-line beyond the valleyed  
town,  
I would leave all my soul on Glory's wall in a painting  
of renown.

It should be of the work of the Master, that I saw  
gleaming there,  
His own hands holding the canvas, that His love  
His child might share,  
The dream of the soul exultant when answer comes  
to prayer.

Great ships with their royal banners and sails all  
pressing free,  
Celestial golden islands on waves of crimson sea,  
And beyond, the port of the angels! All these held  
up to me.

### ASPIRATION.

All these lands should be my picture, these islands  
old and blest!  
Effulgent as the light of dreams that lull the soul to  
rest,—  
I said this night unto my soul, if I the brush  
possessed.

Day lifted afar its finger in one last gleam of gold!  
And the angels rolled away the dream in silent,  
burning fold,  
Which said that Heaven's own painting I could no  
more behold!

So went the day—all measured—away on Time's  
great roll!  
Lost to mankind—sunlight given—in its weight of  
present dole;  
Broken only when the artist paints and leaves to  
men his soul.

My heart's weight pressed me deeply, as twilight's  
sombre train  
Came down the western heavens and gathered in  
the plain,  
And I sank to the ground and sorrowed for a day  
that had been in vain.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

With the dream of my dreams all vanished, I rose  
to a purpling sky,  
Hope's evening star was shining, and winds said,  
with low sigh,  
"The *word* is the poet's pigment, let it answer *your*  
spirit's cry."

A DAFFODIL.

A Daffodil.

BETWEEN the green field and the gray,  
The bird upon the hill,  
I saw to-day in sheltered way,  
A laughing daffodil.

"O laughing daffodil," I said,  
"A tender grace is thine!  
To bloom upon old winter, dead,  
And cheer this heart of mine.

"You lift my soul to yon blue arch,  
Appealingly and fair!  
That so, beyond the winds of March,  
I may all Heaven share."

### The first Step.

**H**E who on the printed page  
Is more than churl and less than sage,  
Brings to it as rarest dower  
Summer's fragrant opening flower;  
Holds for nearer eye to view  
Heaven's broad celestial blue,  
Rounds within a breeze-turned leaf  
Lines that live in summer brief,  
Sees all glory far and free  
When the new day lights the sea,  
Watches Beauty break her glass  
In the roadside on the grass  
When a trembling drop of dew  
Pearly meets the sunlight new,—  
Though he may conceal his power  
In a budded half-blown flower,—  
Listening at the river's brink  
Ere he at the fount doth drink,—  
Yet he sees o'er heights afar  
Peerless heaven's brightest star,  
And has earned the poet's claim  
To the outer gates of fame.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

The Poet's Grave.

WHEN comes the gently breathing spring,  
And trees their branches rise,  
Methinks the birds more sweetly sing,  
With brighter iris on the wing,  
Where low the poet lies.

To him the heir of all things blest  
Fair Nature weaves her gold;  
And tells the morn with gleaming crest  
To leave upon the singer's breast  
Her crown of jewels old.

I care not where may be his grave,  
'Neath home or foreign sod!  
The treetops that above it wave,—  
Because he lived to make men brave,—  
More surely turn to God!